

THE YEAR
K
FORTY-ONE.

Carmen Seculare.

*Quas res luxuries in flagitiis, avaritia in rapinis,
superbia in contumeliis efficere potuisset, eas omnes SESE
hanc prætor per TRIENNIIUM pertulisse dicebant.*

CICERO.

• Read it now SEPTENNIIUM, Geo. Pritch, BENTLEY.



L O N D O N :

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(Price One Shilling.)

ORT-Y-ONE.

THE YEAR

Carmichael's



TRINNIUM peritissimè nigrum.
CICERO.

non SEPTENNIUM, sed PERENNIS, BENEFICIUM.



LONDON:

Jacob Robinson, at the Golden-Lion, in Ludgate-Street. M.DCC.XII.

(Price One Shilling.)



To Her G R A C E the

Dutchess Dowager of MARLBOROUGH.

M A D A M,

THE YEAR FORTY-ONE throws itself, with some Confidence, at your Grace's Feet for Protection, there being no one living to whom an honest Satire on the Degeneracy of the Age; could be so properly addressed as to your Grace, who has at all times signalized yourself by a firm Attachment to the Cause of Liberty, and by bravely standing up to stem that Torrent of publick Enormities, which has of late bore in upon us with such Power and great Glory.

The *Carmen Seculare* of the Ancients, MADAM, was a Hymn to the Gods by way of *Te Deum* for the publick Blessings they enjoyed, and to invoke a Continuance of them, and was performed at their *secular Games*, which were celebrated once in a Century; such was that of *Horace* in the times of *Augustus*, and such would This have been, had it appeared in those glorious Days, when the immortal MARLBOROUGH presided in the Business of the Publick.

But alas the times of *Reversing* are come; all the Honour which was then won to the *British Arms* by that
T H E
victorious

DEDICATION.

victorious Prince, has since been meanly negotiated away; and that State of Independency both at home and abroad, for which the generous Labours of his Life were exerted, been barter'd for a State of—a very different Nature.

The haughty GAUL who then trembled at the Name of *Britain*, and scarce thought himself secure in his own Capital, now like the *fourth Beast* in *Daniel's Vision*, is become *dreadful and terrible, and strong exceedingly, having great Iron Teeth, and devouring and breaking every thing in Pieces, and stamping the Residue with its Feet; and having a Mouth speaking great Things, and whose Look is more stout than his Fellows.*

That your Grace may find your laudable Endeavours towards remedying these publick Mischiefs crown'd with Success, and see such a happy Change accomplish'd in the Land, as to place it in a Condition of granting those Terms to LIBERTY, which she is made to demand in the Conclusion of this Piece, in order to return to us again, is the Prayer of Millions, and of none more so, than of

M A D A M,

Your Grace's most obedient,

and most humble Servant.



THE



YEAR FORTY-ONE.

Carmen Seculare.



T's finish'd — to the long PREDICTED
YEAR!

Lo FORTY ONE's black *Cycle* re-
appear!

See ev'ry Vice in gay succession rise,
That can pollute the Earth, or scale the Skies!

All private Faith become a publick Jest,
 All publick Sanction, *Neutral* at the best;
 All foreign Influence an empty Name,
 All home Prosperity, alas! the same.
 All Power ONE'S Property, all Honours Pay,
 And all Religion — why, a *mock Fast-day*.

Behold Corruption tour it through the Land,
 Whilst Knights and Nobles hold her out the Hand,
 Without a Blush in *meek* Dependance wait,
 For who so *poor in Spirit* as the *Great*?
 For Pensions give each native Right away,
 Or for a paltry Place each Trust betray;
 For Strings and Titles damn their Progeny,
 To gilded Chains and pageant Poverty;
 Transmit a *Curse* in ev'ry *venal* Vote,
 And *Nightshade* in the *Star-infected* Coat.

No lib'ral Art now meets the least Support,
 No publick Virtue finds one Friend at Court;
 None are preferr'd but who can serve the Times,
 None punish'd who can pay but for their Crimes.

The

The *landed Rogue* may traffick in Offence,
 And sleep secure in his Omnipotence;
 And *branded Sharppers* screen'd by *knavish Gain*,
 May *Captains, Senators, Sir Blue-Strings* reign,
 Nay e'en the spotless *Woolpack* may prophane,
 Whilst ev'ry honest Man who shuts his Gate,
 Against the *Bribe* or *Menace* of the Great,
 Bless'd in his little *Independant State*,
 Like a dead Member from the Body's rent,
 A Limb quite *useless* to the Government.

The *Soldier* who of old to Toils inur'd,
 Was only in the Field of War endur'd;
 Now, for a very *diff'rent* End obtain'd,
 In Sloth and Riot is at *Home* maintain'd;
 Dress, Dancing, Drinking, Gaming his Delight,
 His *Conquest* in *Elections* not in *Fight*;
 Whilst the *pick'd* Magistrate, by Office ty'd
 To see strict Justice done on *every* side,
 Lets himself out to shameful *Hire*, and acts
 ; Just as the *Pence* direct, and not the *Facts*,
 Who

Who, whilst he hangs a petty Thief or Whore,

Refuses *legal Voters* by the Score,

And swears, for *S—d—n*, *One* and *One* make *Four*.

Our *Priests* too preach for *Hire*, for *Hire* they plead

Corruption's Cause, or any Cause they're bid;

Leaving their Flocks to feed themselves, while they

To *Baal* bow, and in *High Places* pray;

O for a *Muse of Fire*! * as *Shakespear* cries,

But not to paint a *Henry's* Victories,

To sing *France* conquer'd by *Britannia's* Bands,

Or *Albion* giving Laws to distant Lands;

No—to describe our *Eminence* in *Shame*,

Our *Impotence* in all that merits *Fame*;

Our *Sinews* quite unnerv'd, our *Spirits* broke,

Our *Necks* bow'd down beneath the *Gallick* Yoke;

Our *Lux'ry* at the *highest* it can go,

Our *Wealth* and *Trade* as infamously low;

The Crouds of *Drones* in *Offices* at home,

The shoals of *Locusts* brought from *France* and *Rome*;

* Vide the Prologue to *Shakespear's* *Henry V.*

Such *new-born* Taxes whilst the *old* exist,
 Such *Dowries* paid, yet such a *Civil-List* ;
 Such Treating, Voting, Swearing, Bribing, Biting,
 Such *Dearth* of Learning, yet such *Crops* of Writing,
 With all that profligate Degeneracy,
 Which reigns in each Sex, Station, and Degree.

Now Liberty, thou heav'nly Guest, farewell,
 Source of all Blessings where thou deign'ft to dwell :
 Adieu — no longer can we hope thy Stay,
 Since *Britain's* abject Sons renounce thy Sway ;
 On Ruin bent, and Suppliants for Thrall,
 They court thy Absence to compleat their Fall.
 But say, great Patroness, what barren Isle,
 Will't thou from hence impregnate with thy Smile?
 What distant Region for thy *Mountain* mark,
 Where to unload thy *Science-freighted* Ark,
 And set up next thy Candle in the dark ?
 Go, *humanize* a yet untutor'd Herd,
 Hapless joint Tenants with the Wolf and Pard,
 League them in a refin'd Community,
 And make of Savages what Men should be.

Teach them from Fraud and Rapine to refrain,
 And publick Good prefer to private Gain;
 Learn them the Homage due to Heav'n's high King,
 And what rich Fruits from social Virtues spring.
 Then plant the *finer Taste*, prepare the Way
 For Science's and Wisdom's lib'ral Sway;
 Bid Learning dawn, Art after Art arise,
Lights, which alas! are *setting* in our Skies,
 POESY, Queen of the resplendent Train,
 Who, with soft warbling or deep swelling Strain,
 Masters the various Passions as they roll,
 And captivates each Centry of the Soul;
 With Tongue of *Seraph*, Truths divine unfolds,
 Or to the Fool and Knave her *Mirror* holds;
 To godlike Acts the gen'rous Breast inflames,
 Or the fell Rage of dire Ambition tames;
 Wings the rapt Heart to Heav'n in grateful Flight,
 And makes *Earth* own, *whatever is is right*.

With her, fair Sisters! PAINTING, Hand in Hand,
 And MUSICK, leading up the sacred Band.

PAINTING,

PAINTING, that with a half-creative Pow'r,
 Calls forth new Worlds, and bids new *Edens* flow'r,
 To the blank Canvas mimick Life imparts,
 And *Forms* so fair they steal ev'n *real* Hearts;
 In active Group historick Deeds displays,
 Or charms the Sense in Fables flow'ry Maze;
 Beams moral Lights instructive o'er the Soul,
 And spreads the *Galaxy* to Virtue's Goal.

Whilst, sweet Inforcer of the Poets Lays,
 MUSICK in meaning Sounds strong Sense conveys;
 Can each respondent Passion spur, or rein,
 And vary ev'ry Pulse with ev'ry Strain;
 Raise with a *Note* of Rapture the Depress'd,
 Or quell th' Outrageous with a dead'ning *Reb*;
 Plunge the struck Heart in sympathetick Woe;
 Or with imputed Ardors make it glow;
 In *Cytherea's* filken Cordage bind,
 Or tune to *social* Harmony, the Mind.
 With these the rest in radiant Order join,
 Till the whole Sky of Science cloudless shine.

SCULPTURE with stately Attitude and Mien,
 And ev'ry Thought in ev'ry Feature seen;
 High-swelling Muscles that full Vigour prove,
 Yet soft and smiling as the Queen of Love.
 And fine-proportion'd ARCHITECTURE, free
 From lumpish Pomp, or glating Levity;
 Her Temples crown'd with the Corinthian Wreath,
 Her Limbs like Doric Pillars firm beneath;
 Her Form adorn'd with each Ionic Grace,
 And the bright *Mien* resplendent in her Face.

LOGIC in meditated Pace secure,
 Moving by *Mood* and *Figure*, slow yet sure,
 That dares, undaunted, dangerous Truths avow,
 With keen Conviction flashing from her Brow;
 And rapid ELOQUENCE with matchless Force,
 That bears down all Resistance in her Course;
 And as she wroth or sorrowful appears,
 Can rouse our Rage, or triumph in our Tears;
 Pour the avenging Thunder when she please,
 Or, slack'ning, sink in listless lifeless Ease.

Then

Then, last of all, to *crown* the gen'rous Task,
 And grant to Man the *utmost* Man can ask,
 Erect a *Publick Rule*, divinely plann'd
 For *Publick Good*, by thy unerring Hand;
 Where different Powers in due Proportion join,
 Pois'd and adjusted to *one* great Design;
 Steering with equal Course the *middle* Way,
 'Twixt *Democratic* and *Tyrannic* Sway;
 Tho' mild not loose, tho' just yet not severe,
 Alike from Rapine and Profusion clear;
 By COUNCILS *independant*, wise and just,
 Taught to *discern* and to *discharge* its Trust;
 To cherish, guide, protect, exalt, refine,
 And, to the *human*, link the Chain *divine*;
 To keep an Eye attentive still on *Thee*,
 And make a People *happy*, *great*, and *free*.
 Till other *Locks* and *Newtons* shall arise,
 Another *Marlbro'* other *Gauls* chastise;
 New *Miltons* and new *Drydens* strike the Lyre,
Argyles and *Pultneys* Patriot Zeal inspire;

New *Burleighs* and new *Raleighs* hold the Rein,
 And new *Elizabeths* and --- *Georges* Reign;
 Whilst *W E*, deserted, and in Bondage bound,
 With Horrors, Clouds, and Darkness circled round,
 See *Dullness* lift her consecrated Head,
 And smile to view her dark Dominion spread,
Chaos o'er all his leaden Sceptre rear,
 And not one Beam throughout the Gloom appear.

" Stay, Sir, says ONE, whence pray this groundless
 Cry?

" *I do not find* the times so bad, not I;

" I marvel at the People's Discontent,

" When things go on so in the Government!

" Our glorious Monarch's safe return'd in Peace,

" After his godlike Toils to make *War cease*

" *In all the World*---his Ministers quite sure,

" For seven Years more at least to reign secure;

" Our S---te like a Flock of *Sheep* behold,

" With Transport trotting to their sacred Fold,

" Obedient to their *Shepherd's Voice*---*hold, hold*

" Our *Troops* abroad have got their *Tents* ashore,

" And well *entrench'd* will run no *Hazards* more;

" Our *Fleets* at home ride gallantly about,

" And the *third* time Sir JOHN's come in as whole as *they*

went out *.

" As for our *Taxes* too, they're *strangely* low,

" Considering the *Ways* they have to go,

" And *Commerce* sure is in a fine Condition,

" When, like such *Sturdy Beggars*, CITS petition—

But what of those *brave Youths* led out a *Prey*

To *pois'nous* Seasons, and a *blundering* Sway?

Or that *unhappy CHIEF*, by *Britons* wept!

So long at home, for such a *Cargo*, kept,

Then, *Pedlar-like*, sent to th' *Antipodes*,

Just *time* to fight with *Equinoctial* Seas?

What of that godlike *MARLBRO* of the *Main*,

Left *unsupply'd*, and now *call'd home* again?

Or of our num'rous *Vessels* *captive* made

On our *own Coasts*, for want of *punish'd* Aid?

* The Reader will pardon the wonderful length of this Line, on account of the wonderful Intelligence it contains.

What of a strange *Neutrality* avow'd,
Or of a stranger *Peace* that's rumour'd loud?
What of these things, d'ye say, and more like these,
Which fill the Measure up of * our Iniquities.

* two three

" You may abuse the *Times*, Sir, in your Rage,
" But, troth, to ME it is the *golden Age*."
To you! so much the worse to us I deem,
For well you know, when one voracious Limb
Draws the sole Nutriment from all the rest,
The Body must be mortally distrest;
The more you thrive, then, we're the more undone—
" Dreams! Dreams! Sir"—Dreams, d'ye say?—I'll tell
you one.

From that fam'd Cliff where *Dover's* Ramparts rise,
Cool'd of the toilsome Scorch of Summer Skies
Returning late, I slumber'd on my Bed,
All Care, but Care for thee my Country! fled;
When Fancy strait her magic Curtain drew,
And ope'd this *visionary* Scene to view;

* Some future Criticks may peradventure read, YOUNG.

--Me

---Methought, on the bleak Beach BRITANNIA fate,
 'Wailing, with NEPTUNE, her disastrous Fate.
 Whilst dreary *Tritons* stood lamenting round,
 Making the Rocks with their loud Plaints resound ;
 Sunk in *Despair* she, sick'ning, droop'd the Head,
 The *Laurel* Wreath that grac'd her Temples, dead,
 And the cold *Poppy* nodding in its stead.

" All's lost, she cry'd, my Empire is no more,
 " *Freedom* and *Fame* are fled my mouldring Shore ;
 " *Freedom*, which *British* Hearts at home creates,
 " And *Fame*, which *British* Worth abroad relates ;
 " Whilst I"---with that big Tears gush'd out again,
 Which gave new Saltness to the briny Main---
 " Whilst I amongst the Nations *once* renown'd,
 Am now become the *Scoff* of all around.

She said---when thus the Monarch of the Main,
 With Sighs reply'd---fair Sister I complain
 Of Wrongs that match with yours---this *Albion*, long
 My darling Isle, by *me* enrich'd and strong,
 Dares scorn my Succour, and ungrateful boast
 Its Safety in a vain *unnat'ral* Host ;

The *British* Sea must yield to the *Parade*,
 And *Vernon's* Colours strike to *W---s* *Corkade*;
 Whilst our fair Fleets lie bridled on the Deep,
 Their Thunder hush'd in ignominious Sleep;
 For why—some *evil Genius*, to our Shame,
 Sate at the *Helm*, and check'd our native Flame;
 Gave up to *Worms* and *Spaniards* for a Spoil,
 The Vessels, Sons and Commerce of our Isle;
 In coward *Treaties* parly'd with the Foe,
 And begg'd as *Alms* our Ships in Peace might go.

BRITANNIA sigh'd, and with uplifted Eyes,
 In ardent Prayer to LIBERTY applies;
 “Come, *Bliss-creative Parent*! once more come,
 “And meet thy *eldest Son* returning home,
 “Past Crimes thy *Prodigal* repentant mourns,
 “Implores thy Sight, and for thy Blessing burns;
 “Come, take th' expiring Suppliant in” she cry'd,
 When o'er the Main the heavenly Maid she spy'd;
 Th' obedient deep her balmy Breath control'd,
 Whilst in soft Curls the flatt'ring Billows roll'd;

For

For-ever-blooming Roses crown'd her Head,
 And her spread Wings enchanting Odours shed;
 Wheree'er she came appear'd a double Day,
 The Sea shone greener, and more blue the Sky;
 An azure Mantle o'er her Shoulders flow'd,
 Which with the various Hues of Iris glow'd,
 The Vi'let, Hyacinth, and Pink were there,
 And all the Beauties of the opening Year.
 Not so, emboss'd with Gems, around the Loins
 Of *India's* Kings, the regal Girdle shines,
 Nor *Juno's* Bird on the Cærulean Plain,
 Displays such Colours in her Eye-fraught Train.

Instant upon the wave-wash'd Beach SHE light,
 And thus, *half-smiling*, did BRITANNIA greet:
 "Great QUEEN of NATIONS, I'll attend thy Pray'r,
 "And take thy Sons once more into my Care,
 "If they'll, by Acts like these, my *Way* prepare;
 To publick Justice publick Plunders bring,
 And take the Wicked from before the King;
 Purge the distemper'd Land of that dire Crew,
 The low Corrupt and high Corruptors too;

And

And yet the fatal *Melancholy's* finger
To *Cure*; will *bring* of the State
Pois'nous *Corruption* on eternal Bane,
To Virtue's, Liberty's, and Wisdom's Reign;
In this poor Isle what Havock hast thou made
Of late, O fatal *Treacher*! her *Yoke* Trade;
How mildew'd ev'ry Science, ev'ry Art,
Crept to the *Constitution's* very Heart,
And made her *S*—tes, on whose Breath depends
Her Bliss and Safety, thy black Cause befriended!

When *Righteousness* shall, then, exalt the Throne,
And publick Spirit at the Helm be shewn;
When *Independant* Powers in *S*—te meet,
And *Courtier* does not mean the same as *Cheat*,
When copying these, and copy them they will,
For as the *Fountain* flows so runs the *Rill*,
Rank below Rank prove worthy of my Reign,
LIBERTY, fair BRITANNIA's thing,
—BRITANNIA, how'd I wake, and cry AMEN!

The *low* *Corrupt* and *high* *Corrupt* too
F I N I S

